Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
*Hor.* Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*
*Bian. Gamouth* I am the ground of all accord:
*A re*, to plead *Hortensio's* passion:
*Beeme, Bianca* take him for thy Lord
*C faut*, that loues with all affection:
*D sol re*, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
*E la mi*, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Nicke.* Mistresse your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
*Bian.* Farewell sweete masters both, I must be gon.
*Luc.* Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
*Hor.* But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Me thinkes he looks as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eies on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?
*Kate.* No shame but mine: I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure





I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of m
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the ba
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath w
Now must the world point at poore *Kathe*
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marrie ho
*Tra.* Patience good *Katherine* and *Ba*
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune stayes him from his wor
Though he be blunt, I knew him passing w
Though he be merry, yet withall he's hone
*Kate.* Would *Katherine* had neuer seen

*Bap.* Go girle, I cannot blame thee now
For such an iniurie would vexe a verie Sain
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master, newes, and suc
heard of,
*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may t
*Bion.* Why, is it not newes to heare of
*Bap.* Is he come?
*Bion.* Why no sir?
*Bap.* What then?
*Bion.* He is comming.
*Bap.* When will he be heere?
*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and
*Tra.* But say, what to thine olde newes
*Bion* Why *Petruchio* is comming, in
ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd
haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, and
sword tane out of the Towne Armory,
chapelesse: with two broken points: his ho
mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: b
glanders, and like to mose in the chine, tro
passe, infected with the fashions, full of W